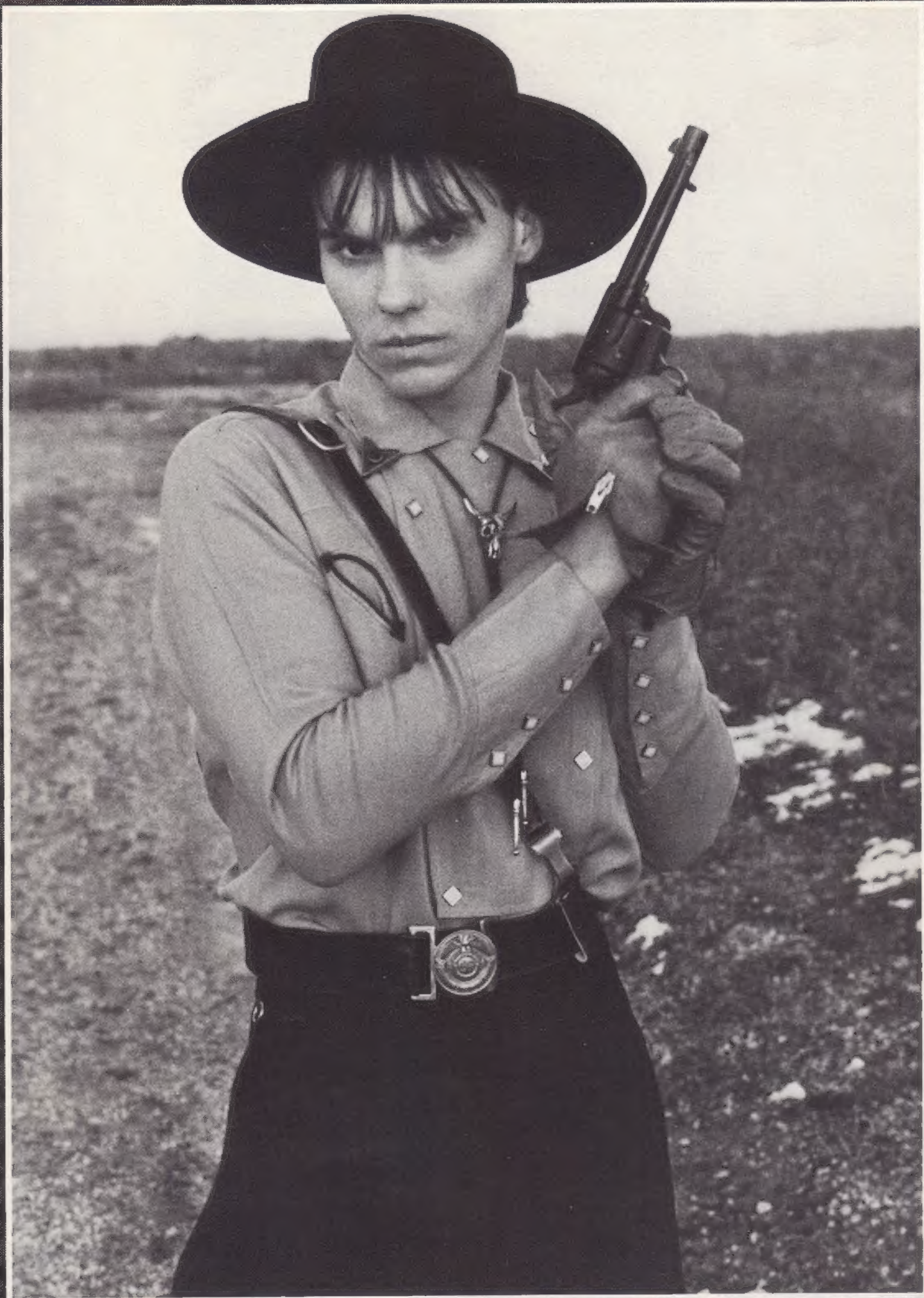


PROPAGANDA



No. 9 SUMMER 1987

\$2.00



ALTERNATIVE MUSIC - FRINGE FASHION



THE RECORD COLLECTION

4885 MERRICK RD., MASSAPEQUA PARK,
NEW YORK 11762 (516)799-2601

**WE BUY,
SELL &
TRADE
DOMESTIC &
IMPORT 45s,
LP'S,
CASSETTES,
COMPACT
DISCS &
VIDEOS**

SPECIALIZING IN IMPORTS, HARDCORE & INDEPENDENTS

VIDEO TAPES

| | | | |
|-----------------------|--------|---------------|----------|
| JOHNNY THUNDERS | JAPAN | DEAD KENNEDYS | THE CULT |
| DAVID SYLVIAN | DOA | CHINA CRISIS | THE JAM |
| BUTT HOLE SURFERS | XTC | DEPECHE MODE | BAUHAUS |
| THE SEX PISTOLS | P.I.L. | HUSKER DU | THE CURE |
| ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN | GBH | NEW ORDER | SIOUXSIE |

BLACK FLAG
JOY DIVISION
BROKEN BONES
EXPLOITED
SONIC YOUTH

COMPACT DISCS

| | |
|----------|--------------------|
| BAUHAUS | THE CURE |
| SMITHS | NEW ORDER |
| THE CULT | GENE LOVES JEZEBEL |

**We also sell Import Posters. All this
and more. Call for mail-order info.**

Propaganda by Mail

BACK ISSUES

Issue No. 5 \$4.50
Bauhaus, After Bauhaus, The Cult, Neubauten, Hanoi Rocks,
Berlin Nightlife, New York Style, Red Lorry Yellow Lorry,
Fashion from London and Toronto.

Issue No. 6 \$4.50
Love & Rockets, Sisters Of Mercy, Xmal Deutschland, BOY Of
Cabaret Voltaire, The Cult, Propaganda (the band), Punk Terror,
London, Fashion Aid, New York Nightlife, Toronto Style,

Issue No. 7 \$3.50
The Cult, Johnny Thunders, Xmal Deutschland, Danse
Society, Charlie Sexton (just for looks), The Fall,
Stephen Sprouse, New York Clubland, "Our Life Our World".

Issue No. 8 \$3.50
Siouxsie And The Banshees, Peter Murphy, Zodiac Mindwarp
And The Love Reaction, Mike Monroe, Blixa Bargeld, Sighe
Sighe Sputnik, Specimen, Gloom & Glam Fashion Show, Black
Leather, Reich 'N' Roll.

Issue No. 9 \$3.25
Current Issue

All prices listed above include postage and mailing
envelope. Make check or money-order payable to Propaganda
Magazine. Foreign mail-order customers must pay by inter-
national money-order in U.S. funds. Send your order to:

PROPAGANDA MAGAZINE

P.O. Box 296

New Hyde Park, New York 11040

U.S.A.



PROPAGANDA marches on.

PROPAGANDA MINISTER:
Fred H. Berger



MUSIC EDITOR/
GRAPHIC DESIGN:
Stephanie Young



ART DIRECTOR & PYRO:
Paul Hart



ASSISTANT
MUSIC EDITOR:
Sherri Durrell



LONDON CORRESPONDENT:
Laurie Russo
(with friend Ian)



THE PROPAGANDIST:
Wayne Arents



EDITORIAL ASSISTANT:
Alicia Stillman



CONTENTS

| | |
|--|------|
| Gene Loves Jezebel | p. 4 |
| Peter Murphy | p. 8 |
| Love & Rockets | p.12 |
| Woodentops | p.14 |
| Screaming for Emily/ Skinny Puppy | p.15 |
| Eurotrash | p.16 |
| Bad Boys | p.18 |
| Vancouver Goes Mod | p.21 |
| Michael Clark | p.22 |
| Blondes in Black | p.26 |
| Mohawk Madness | p.28 |
| Zodiac Mindwarp | p.30 |
| Doctor and the Medics | p.34 |
| Cactus World News/ Easterhouse | p.36 |
| Rose of Avalanche | p.37 |
| Xmal Deutschland Update/ Ramones Review | p.39 |
| Letters to the Editor | p.41 |
| Polkacide | p.41 |

Send all correspondence to:

Propaganda Magazine
P.O. Box 296
New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040
U.S.A.

COPYRIGHT (C) 1987 BY FRED H. BERGER
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

The Los Angeles Bureau:



Lyn Owen



Eric Pigors



Buffy Brandon

Contributors:

Tina Murphy, Stuart E. Schellberg,
Nancie Heminger, Remy Spezzano,
Joseph Tavalacci, Deborah Bernardini,
Tom Brazil, Jill Gore, Dreux Donelan.

Gene Loves Jezebel



Photo: Paul Cox

Getting cozy; Peter Rizzo (the blonde) and Jay Aston.

Gene Loves Jezebel certainly do get around these days, and are currently the object of much media hype. Their new hit "Heartache" is getting a lot of play at the clubs and on radio, and they even made it onto the Joan Rivers Show where they proved just how silly and childish they can be. The famed Tower Records of downtown Manhattan featured the band in-the-flesh to sign autographs and kiss the babies; an affair planned to last one hour which turned into three. The huge size of the crowd was not anticipated, and a whole bunch of kids had to be turned away at the door.

A pair of sexy identical twin brothers from Wales, Jay and Michael, front the group with Peter Rizzo on bass, guitarist James Stevenson, and Chris Bell who replaced original drummer Marcus. One way to begin to describe this moody British pop band is by their flamboyant looks. Jay and Mike have beautifully disheveled hair, full lips, and sad dreamy eyes - a very good start. And just deciphering their wardrobe is enough to keep many a young fashion fiend busy for quite a while; consisting of silks, scarves, love beads, and splashes of make-up to make them oh so pretty. It all adds up to some rather substantial sex appeal; and judging from their erotic behavior they could even pass for ragged porno-movie regulars.

Their live shows are at the same time passionate and lots of fun, with Mike bouncing around like a Gypsy on speed and Jay letting out ear-piercing screams. When they're not playing with each other (something brothers can almost get away with), they'll opt for molesting Peter, the angelic beauty of the group, who takes it all in stride (as if he had a choice). Another intriguing aspect of Gene Loves Jez in concert are their fans - mostly teen goths in black garb and ghostly pale faces. This look stems from the band's early lean years when they were into the trappings of the gloom and doom set. In the "Bruises" video the twins are seen twirling on monkey bars with a gothic girl drifting by for atmospheric diversion. This was a single off their first LP, "Promise" (1983). Then there's another old favorite "Upstairs", with such esoteric lyrics as "Upstairs the voice is calling/ it must be mother/Holding me so tenderly/



Brother Michael; looking good for a change.

obviously my lover". Freud would have had a field day with this one. Other earlier works have a similar abstract theme: "Pop Tarantula", "Screaming For Emmalene", and "Psychological Problems".

What really seemed to change everything was the "Immigrant" LP (1985), as Gene Loves Jezebel started turning to a more colorful approach. This album is by far the group's finest with the singles "Shame" and "The Cow". Also included is a somber love pang, "Stephen"; on different live occasions Jay has done a smoldering solo rendition of this song, "When Stephen smiles my heart just seems to grow/If only I could let that poor boy know." The sublime poetry and dark undercurrents of "Immigrant" are almost Shakespearian in a sensuous dreamy kind of way.

Their newest material is on the recently released "Discover" LP which has a more optimistic outlook, and is chock full of sexual innuendos (as usual). But songs of romantic despair are what GLJ does best, and as such "Heartache" and "Desire" off

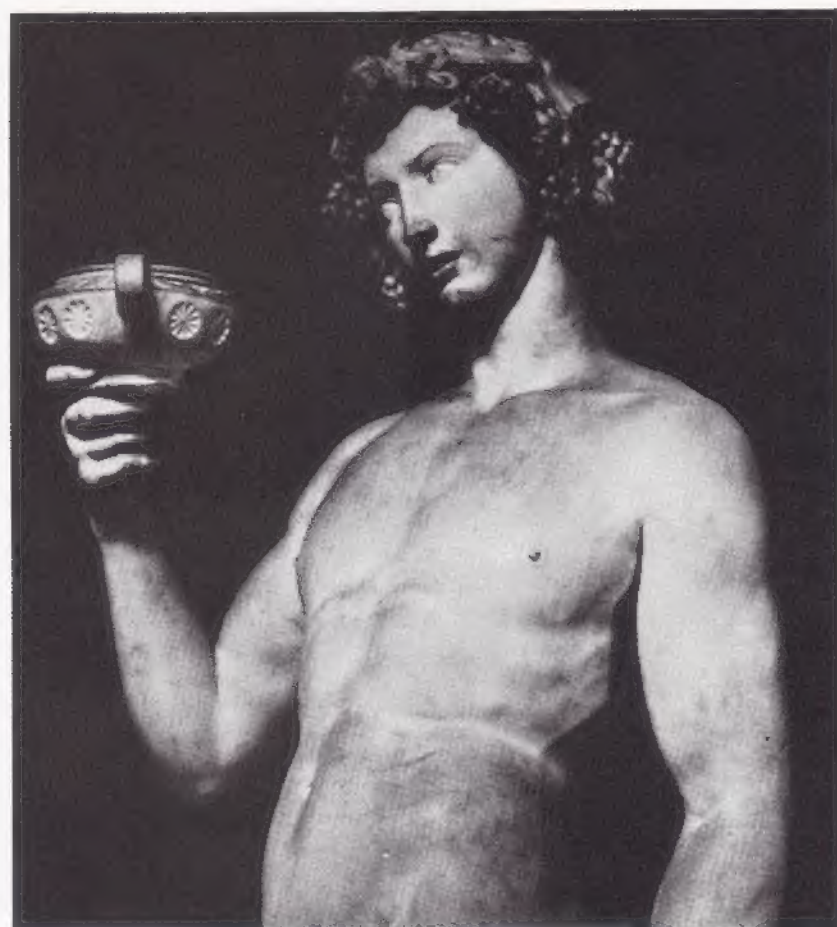


Jay: *"Hey big boy; is my make-up O.K.?"*

the new album are especially well done; both are big hits in the U.K., and deservedly so. The somber mood in much of their music is expressed mainly in the yearning vocals of brothers Jay and Michael. Unfortunately the rest of "Discover" is not very moving; just nice background melodies - nothing to get excited about.

With the new album, their first on a major American label (Geffen), comes a slew of promo videos for "Heartache" and "Desire". The "Desire" video was filmed on stage in front of a gigantic crowd with raised arms reaching out in reverence and longing for these latest of rock idols. It is sadly reminiscent of the overkill Frankie Goes To Hollywood video. For those who remember seeing them play at Danceteria a couple of years ago to a small gathering of admirers, it's a bit upsetting to see them go commercial like this.

Just last November they did a show at the Ritz in Manhattan for a 3,000+ over-capacity crowd, with about 600 fans outside who couldn't get in, and MTV cameras gobbling up the spectacle like hungry wolves. Hopefully none of this new found pop fame will spoil the sensitivity, mystery, and free spirit that made Gene Loves Jezebel cult heros of the early 80s trash/glam underground. After all, these lads did come out of the same dark alley as Siouxsie And The Banshees and The Cult - two groups that have managed to maintain their dignity in the harsh glare of stardom. But as long as GLJ can hold onto their wits and their angst, they can still come out of it like troopers. And if they lose it, well there's always their pretty-boy looks to fall back on (with a little help from their make-up artists). ■



THE CUTTING EDGE



Model: Wayne Arents/Photo by Fred Berger

HAIR STUDIO

2268 Hempstead Tpke., East Meadow, NY (516)735-9599

PETER MURPHY

Out of the Shadows

WRITTEN BY ALICIA STILLMAN



Photo: Fred Berger

Peter Murphy at the Ritz (NYC) on St. Valentine's Day 1987.

Saint Valentine's Day, 1987: A day for "The Passion of Lovers", and one which marked the triumphant return of Peter Murphy to the stage after four years of absence. The place is the Ritz in New York City. On hand is a swarm of anxious fans done up in their goulish finery to pay homage to the God of Goth, not seen since the demise of Bauhaus in 1983. As it turned out not much had changed; mass hysteria took over from the moment Murphy made his entrance. Sporting a white linen blazer and black leather trousers, he appeared calm and sophisticated - for about five minutes. Then the jacket was flung across the stage and Murphy was screaming, "Was it a lie? Was it the truth?", as the band kicked into "Blue Heart" from "Should The World Fail To Fall Apart".

"He is God!", moaned a young worshipper when the band struck up "Final Solution" (a cover originally by Pere Ubu). In an interview with WNYU-FM a few days earlier Murphy said of his decision to do this piece, "It's a great song. When they (Pere Ubu) did it, it was so rough and raw and falling apart, and had a real quality which reminded me of Bauhaus. In the wake of Dali's Car (Peter Murphy's ill-fated alliance with Japan's Mick Karn) critics were writing me off for dead and labeling me, putting me in one of those holes - 'over-experimental', 'over-indulgent'. The first two lines of the song, 'Girls won't touch me 'cause I got a mis-direction/Living at night isn't helping my complexion', I thought fit in with the sort of erotic character that people think I am or that I was."

That Saturday night at the Ritz there could be no doubt that the fans thought Peter a very erotic character, often trying to grab his legs as he walked near the edge of the stage. Every time he flashed his hypnotic blue eyes or struck a dramatic pose the crowd went wild. "A lot of people try to imitate me...it's so easy!", said a jovial Murphy to the crowd during a break between songs. "All you need is a light like this (cueing a white spotlight over his head) and then just strike a pose like this!" (assuming a very impressive stance). To the delight of the audience he proved he wasn't above poking fun at himself and the serious image he projects. At one point he dragged the bass player around by his chain necklace. Later on a

big muscular roadie lifted the frail Murphy overhead and spun him like a helicopter propeller, spilling him dizzy onto the floor. After a while it started to look more like Saturday Night Wrestling than a rock concert.

He also proved that Peter Murphy is more than just gorgeous good looks and raw sex appeal. His amazing vocal range was most evident in "Confessions" and "The Light Pours Out of Me". And for the many Bauhaus believers in attendance he did four Bauhaus songs: "The Passion of Lovers", "Spirit", "She's in Parties", and for one of the encores "Kick in the Eye". "I chose the Bauhaus songs and brought them up to date in that they really go well with what I'm doing now", explained Peter to WNYU. Another song with an interesting background that he performed was "The Answer Is Clear", which is really about Bauhaus guitarist Daniel Ash (now with Love And Rockets). "Lyrically the song is directed at Danny as a friend of



Alicia Stillman



Still the God of Goth.

mine in answer to his song 'Movement of Fear' that he wrote while in Tones On Tail, and which is directed at me." This personal communication through songs is very revealing indeed. In "The Movement of Fear" Ash sings, "Everywhere you turn/ this world is your shadow/With a pretty face/you've burned so many eyes", and then later pleads, "Teach me to be happy/Teach me control". In "The Answer Is Clear" Peter replies, "Teach him to be happy/ Teach him some control/Teach him what his friends are...", and then goes on to describe Ash, "With your sunken eyes and your pretty looks/Underneath the see-through disguise/You try so hard to see what you want/The answer is clear".

Another highlight of the concert was "Never Man", a somber acoustic song which Peter says he approached almost like a Bauhaus song in that "it is very minimal and atmospheric, and lyrically spiritual". While singing this piece he was totally submerged in a thick bubbling cloud of dry ice, and then rose ghost-like out of the fog. This was the theatrical zenith of the evening, and a very haunting spectacle. All of Peter's stage movements were obviously very carefully choreographed and rehearsed, drawing a great deal from his pre-Bauhaus experience as an erotic dancer, as well as from experimental modern dance techniques. He also used his highly disciplined and dramatic voice to great effect, causing the hardest stones to melt like butter.

For "Confessions" all he had to do to get the crowd screaming crazy was to start the song by uttering one word - "mask" - and placing one hand in front of his face, revealing only his eyes. This piece was not the "Mask" from the Bauhaus days, but rather a thoughtful and perhaps autobiographical song in which Peter sings, "It's wrong to check and recognize/the pretty face is all/But being used to sell you songs/that never say it all". It seems that he wants to be seen as more than a mere sex object. But for many of his fans such a role is all that's expected of him, and for someone as sexy as Peter Murphy that isn't at all surprising. ■

Footnote: All of the above quotes are from the Peter Murphy interview of February 12, 1987 on WNYU-FM's New Afternoon Show, Mon. to Fri. 4-7:00PM at 89.1. It's New York's best new music program.

RESTYLE T O O

1227 HERMOSA AVE., HERMOSA BEACH, CA 90254 (213) 379-1706

Models: Wayne and Lori/Photo: Fred Berger



CLOTHING, FOOTWEAR & ACCESSORIES FOR PUNKS, MODS & GOTHs. SEND \$1 FOR LIST.

LOVE AND ROCKETS



DAVID J.

DANIEL ASH

KEVIN HASKINS

3-2-1-GO!

Love And Rockets played The Concert Hall in Toronto, Canada - one of many dates scheduled for southern Ontario. It has been just a year since they were here last, although it was then at a small bar. The line to get in started forming up at 9:00AM, and as the crowd grew it turned into a real cross section of new Rockets fans and old Bauhaus die-hards. But of course both were equally anxious to catch a glimpse of three-quarters of what once was. The band was in town on a 2½-month tour of North America to promote their album "Express". It's slightly reminiscent of 60s psychedelia mixed in with raw 80s energy.

The show started off with "Angels and Devils" being piped through the speakers and the dry ice machine heaving smoke. Strobe lights soon joined into the beat of the music. Then silence fell upon the stage - a momentary pause to be shattered by the band's electrifying entrance. Guitarist Daniel Ash wore white pants, shirt, and suspenders with his trademark black riding boots - looking very much like one of Alex's droogies from A Clockwork Orange. Bass-player David J. wore a green plaid suit and Kevin Haskins, a paint splattered outfit.

With a burst of adrenalin the set started with "Lucifer Sam" to kick off a magical mystery tour of their greatest hits past and present, plus a few extras. The sound was incredibly clear; the acoustic guitar rang out crisp and full; and Danny and David's harmonies were like those of seasoned choir boys. A few obnoxious people were yelling for "Kick In The Eye" (Bauhaus) and "Go" (Tones On Tail), but of course to no avail. After a lengthy set the band left the stage only to reappear to do "Ball of Confusion" as their encore. This lasted for a very energetic 15 minutes, then the band departed.

At this time the roadies came out and replaced the microphones with lightbulbs - ?? The house lights were turned on (on?), and then came The Bubblemen who are Danny,



Dyane Bonczuk

Dave, and Kevin dressed up like light bulbs. You can't see their faces, but it's just got to be them. Just like in the Love And Rockets "Yin & Yang" video, the Bubblemen hung around doing a dance choreographed to bizarre hallucinogenic electronic dance music. The concert ended with the last of them bouncing off stage, and an audience screaming with ecstasy.

Too bad Love And Rockets had to cancel their next two scheduled gigs. The reason: right after the show Danny gulped down two 26oz. bottles of tequila and got very very sick - poor, poor Danny. Pale, frail Brit musicians aren't known for their drinking prowess, and should know better. Right Danny?

WRITTEN BY DYANE BONCZUK

THE WOODENTOPS

By
Stephanie Young



Talking to Rolo McGinty of the Woodentops is very much like listening to the music he creates and performs, an acoustic medium taken to a higher domain which Rolo considers as "appealing to the intelligentsia as well as the the everyday man". Being a band that makes music practically out of their bare hands, the listener is allowed to experience a whole new conceptual view of Pop, and perhaps hear a catchy tune on top of it. It is a combination of themes that song writer Rolo is well seasoned at.

Formed at a time when other bands were using very serious names, Rolo sheds some light on his band's lighthearted name and humble beginnings. "We used to practice in a room that was completely made out of wood. It was a time when other groups were using very serious and very gloomy names, which is why we decided to get away from all that and add a little humor to ourselves. That is how we got our name. I was serious however about the music and about starting the band because I wanted to get out of my predicament. I wanted to travel the world and I wasn't going to see it sitting on my bum all day in south London.

Crucial elements of pop greatness can

be spotted in songs such as "Travelling Man" whose rhythmic magnificence shows traces of African influence. "That is the only influence I cannot leave out of my music," explains Rolo. "There have been other musical role models in my life, but the African thing is one I take the most inspiration from." Adding spice to an already tasty brew, one cannot help but see its integral significance.

Having caused major vibes in Britain and America, the band hopes to continue making optimistic music in a cheaper more unique way, stressing that you can get a universal sound using only the basics. Clever video formats also allow them to do things cheaper and to thrive on this "back to basics" theory, which is why you see a lot of homemade objects in their videos. These are symbols serving as a means to a creative end without all the extra production costs.

And as our conversation nears its end, Rolo sputters out a final plug - "Don't forget we play dance music", as the phone goes click.

THANKS TO JULIE S. AT COLUMBIA.

Screaming For Emily



Something fantastic is stirring just below the surface out there in the sandy shrublands of the Jersey Shore. It's Screaming For Emily, a home-grown band that is every bit as exotic and moody as anything coming out of the British alternative music scene. Their look and sound are sure to excite the glands of many hormone-crazed teen goths. Together just over a year, Screaming For Emily recently released their debut 45, "Grey The Sky", on Permanent Rave Records. And it's getting plenty of air-play on college and independent radio stations across the U.S. and Canada.

"Grey The Sky" just oozes with dark passion and impossible desire. The music is a very danceable mix of synth and percussion with a throbbing sex beat; and Dayson's desperately vulnerable vocals are the kind that can really break a young girl's heart. The first song on the single, "Another Girl", is a real steamy love pang flowing like hot blood through pulsating arteries. On the flipside is a fast paced and brittle song of romantic deceit, "Just A Lie", with Dayson whining and whimpering in his fragile effeminate way. Surely Robert Smith of The Cure had considerable influence on Emily's own prima donna. But this is what all you gloomy Apocalypse party kids love so much, isn't it? Of course it is. And to top it all off Dayson and synth player Philip are quite fond of wearing make-up and jewelry, and of teasing their hair. They will drive you mad.

"Grey The Sky" is distributed by Important Record Distributors of New York, and Systematic Records of San Francisco.

The group will be releasing an EP fairly soon now. Judging from the 4-song demo tape its favorite topic will be love twisted, cheated, lost, and stolen. Dayson, the poor lad, sounds as if he's singing from experience, and most likely has the scars and bruises to prove it. Philip's vocals are deep and rich, and harmonize brilliantly with Dayson's in "The Love". "The Last Goodbye" is a song Dayson probably sings with a hard-on and tears in his eyes. Emily's most touching song is "From The Heart"; its tenderness and sensitivity are overwhelming. "Too Late for Prayer" is likewise extremely moving, especially if death ever took someone near and dear to you long before their time. As usual Emily's song writing is superb, and the music as a whole has a depth of feeling which is astonishing. And of course it wouldn't be possible without second synth player Steve and drummer Lance to complete this remarkable four-man band.

REVIEWED BY FRED BERGER

SKINNY PUPPY

RECORD REVIEW BY ALICIA STILLMAN

You are having a disturbing and vivid dream. In this dream records by Joy Division, Cabaret Voltaire, Einsturzenende Neubauten, and Captain Beefheart are all playing at once in your kitchen. In the background a television is on showing 1940s monster movies; the dialogue is discernible through the din. Strangely, the noise and chaos fit together, and coupled with a heavy beat this noise becomes music. It sounds bizarre and oppressive, and most intriguing; and you want to hear more.

Three fellows from Vancouver, Canada are responsible for turning this feverish dream into stone cold reality. They are Skinny Puppy: Nivek Ogre (vocals and treatments), Cevin Key (percussion, synth, and tapes), and Dwayne Goettel (synth and "gadgetry"). Their new album, "Mind: The Perpetual Intercourse", is the summation of all your best nightmares, combining the best of all the aforementioned influences and then some. You want deep growling vocals, dense minimalism, and something to dance to? Well it's all here in "Mind".

Nivek Ogre "sings" like a man possessed. The horror begins with the first track, "One Time One Place". It starts off pleasantly enough with a danceable synth beat, but then comes that Voice which is both frightening and compelling at the same time. The second track, "Gods Gift", is a bit more austere, using surreal lyrics such as "Knives in eyes/maggots feel great". Three of the songs feature no vocals whatsoever, only samples of movie dialogue. One of these, "Love", begins with a bright, inspirational melody like the theme from "Chariots Of Fire". Then a woman's voice comes through the music, becoming increasingly agitated until finally she screams, "Shut up!", followed by a man's voice, "I love you too." In a way this epitomizes Skinny Puppy's work on "Mind" with its underlying tension beneath the synth noise surface.

Unfortunately, this LP isn't likely to garner much radio airplay even though it is easily one of the most fascinating and provocative musical works of the 80's. For most people it is way too experimental, way too radical; but in a world of synth-pop banalities it is refreshing to hear a record which makes you want to think as much as it makes you wanna dance.

Skinny Puppy started up in the summer of 1983, but it wasn't until late 1985 that they released their first album, "Bites", which charted higher than any other Canadian independent release in recent history. A year later came "Mind", and through it all they've proven to be artists with a most unique vision.





EUROTRASH

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY REMY SPEZZANO AND JOSEPH TAVOLACCI

Antwerp is at the cutting edge of Western Europe's trendy youth scene. The drinking age in Belgium is 16 years old, and there are plenty of happening night clubs and cafes for the kids to hang out at; and the toilets are co-ed too. The "Speigel Beld" (Mirror Image) is a youth pub catering to the elite creeps of this bustling port city. New fads in hair and clothing often get started at this popular watering hole; the latest are brightly colored Converse Allstar basketball sneakers (no one plays basketball in Belgium), flashy high school varsity jackets, and "coup-SS" (SS-cut) haircuts - buzzed all around and very long on top.

Another hot spot is the "Tom Tom Club" where American rap music is all the rage. Even though hardly anyone understands the

lyrics, the heavy beat and aggressive tone is sweet music to their lily white European ears. The most notorious place is a hide-out called "Cinderella's Ball Room" located in a warehouse basement. This is where the lost sheep go to take dope and listen to weird noise like Nina Hagen and Neubauten blasted on the world's worst sound system. The atmosphere is hostile and sleazy, there's no heat, and the patrons are mostly paranoid zombie creeps in faded black leather. The Ball Room is the end of the line, and if this is your scene - good riddance.

But if you prefer staying out of trouble, Antwerp offers dozens of really cool diversions for young people of the post-punk persuasion. Most clubs are open every night until the last customer leaves,



Rebel without a cause at the Tom Tom Club.



Antwerp's children of the night.

or is carried out. There are no ID checks at the door and admission is free; what more could any roving night creature ask for?

An added bonus for visiting Americans is that most of the kids are very friendly and speak excellent English. They look up to the United States as far as music, T.V., movies, technology, and Converse Allstars go. Many have a low opinion of their own country, describing it as "a small unimportant place between France and Holland" or "a make-believe country". Favorite topics of conversation include how to evade the draft and do social service instead, or how to screw up a job inter-

view and continue collecting unemployment. Acting gay, psycho, or politically radical are favorite tactics for duping the system. It's fashionable to be a parasite. But it's true that unemployment is terribly high, especially among the youth, so they aren't very motivated to begin with, except to look cool and stay out all night. ■



B A D

B O Y S

Why is it that the dark side of fashion has such a devastating visual and emotional impact? Nothing grabs anyone's attention and holds it like black leather and wool cut in sleek classical lines trimmed with silver and accented by hot pink flashes. All it takes is a touch of the outlaw, storm trooper, or Cossack to turn just another skinny kid into an incredibly exotic but menacing figure to be feared – and desired. So get yourself psyched, dress up, go out, and to Hell with the whimps.

PHOTOS BY FRED BERGER





This page: El Supremo's bully boys wear only the best in goon squad chic. Black wool VT caps with silver skull button and pink piping, green wool fatigue shirts, leather belts and shoulder straps from George Petersen, P.O. Box 605, Springfield, VA 22150 (703)569-6663.

Opposite page: High plains drifter in black suede Gaucho hat, collar clips, and bola tie from Enz's, 5 Saint Mark's Place, New York, N.Y. 10003 (212)420-1857. Pink rodeo shirt from Zoot, 734 Broadway, NYC. Black wool Pz. trousers from George Peterson of Springfield, Virginia.

Model on opposite page and to the right: Gregory Antonison.

Model above: Terry Spezzano





Photos by Fred Berger

Above: Self-absorbed lazy bone elite creeps. Alicia wears a blouse and leggings printed with BOY Of London's imperial eagle logo. BOY clothing is available from BOGEY'S Ltd., 47-09 30th St., 5th floor, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101 (718)392-6633. Wayne has a black wool Pz. tunic and matching riding breeches from George Petersen, P.O. Box 605, Springfield, VA 22150 (703)569-6663. Riding boots from RZM Imports, Southbury, CT.

VANCOUVER GOES MOD

Vancouver, British Columbia teems with fantastic fashion, and the sweet things pictured here are a splendid example of this. One might not expect such "high urban" sensibilities in Canada's wild wild west, but the city is an oasis of ultra-modern grandeur and decadence. The coolest store in town is Black Market on Granville St. similar to Manhattan's Enz's and Hollywood's Retail Slut. Just across the street at Fox And Fluevog is where all the well dressed goth and glitter kids go for their footwear.

A very cozy spot for coffee and trendy fashion is The Block at 350 West Cordova St. Another alternative type hangout is Montgomery's cafe on West Pender St. where the music is loud and the haircuts scream for attention. There is lots more going on, but these are some neat places to get started on a tour of Vancouver's underground youth scene. Every big city seems to have one these days, but Vancouver does it with impeccable style and hospitality.■



Photos by Fred Berger

"No Fire Escape In Hell": Michael Clark wrestling with scary monsters.



MICHAEL CLARK



MICHAEL CLARK

WRITTEN BY FRED BERGER
PHOTOS BY TOM BRAZIL

Thanks to British choreographer Michael Clark, punk rock has made a rude and devastating intrusion into the world of modern dance. Having trained at the Royal Ballet school and gone professional at the tender age of 17, this 24-year-old post-punk bad boy got it in his mind to shock the shit out of the dance establishment. Clark's group of nine dancers made its New York debut last October at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The performance of Clark's "No Fire Escape In Hell" featured orange Mohawks and bleached blond crew-cuts, black leather leotards and bare buns, androgyny and boys in drag. Body Map and Leigh Bowery of Great Britain designed some especially weird and provocative outfits, such as the black funeral gown worn by Michael Clark. The deafening musical score was provided by The Fall, Wire, and the hard-hitting German electronic group Laibach; with gaudy lighting by Charles Atlas in sharp beams and hot colors.

The point of it all is to be deliberately tasteless and decadent in keeping with its rebellious punk aesthetic. It is raunchy 1980s youth counter-culture burlesque at its best, or worst, depending on how you look upon these things. At one point the choreographer wears nothing but a maid's apron, holding a 12" dildo between his legs which he then proceeds to "jerk off". Then there's another male dancer giving head to a policeman's night stick (safe sex). Nightmarish costumes and inflatable skeletons top off Clark's crazy hyperactive vision of Hell, which is partly autobiographical (life can be so unfair). It's no wonder no one clapped at the opening night of "No Fire Escape" at London's Royal Opera House. But this was exactly the response Michael Clark was after - total horror. He rejected the mainstream sensibilities of modern dance, and dragged it by the hair into new areas of music and fashion. Clark's choreography offers no revolutionary innovation, but it covers the entire range from classical grace and precision to rough-and-tumble avant-garde.

What comes as a complete surprise is that this wayward graduate of the Royal



Michael in black leather leotard.



She-devil from "No Fire Escape In Hell".

Ballet School has suddenly become a very hot commodity, "the rock star of ballet", "dance's post-punk prince". He has posed for a drink mixer ad campaign that's all over the place, and he has danced in several rock videos. Perfectly proportioned and standing 6ft. with platinum razor stubble haircut, he is phenomenal as a dancer and fashion plate, and the media just loves him. Rave reviews from Europe and sensuous publicity photos of Clark resulted in a quick sellout of all six nights at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's 1986 Next Wave Festival.

Michael Clark stars in a new 90-minute film "Hail The New Puritan", directed by American filmmaker Charles Atlas and co-produced by Channel 4 Television and WGBH-TV. It is a fantasy documentary which portrays Clark as artist and representative of London's youth culture. Here he's got a bleached Mohawk and black stubble on the sides (in case you were wondering). And of course the outfits designed by Leigh Bowery are outrageous. ■



The "post-punk prince of dance".

BLONDS in BLACK



Photo: Nancie Heminger

All sweaty in their black leather trousers at the Mudd Club, London, U.K.



Alicia Stillman

Timmy chilling out in black rubber shirt and gloves from Enz's, 5 Saint Mark's Pl., NYC.

MOHAWK MADNESS

PHOTOS BY FRED BERGER



Cool winter goth in the snow.



"Ain't nothin' like a little pussy!"



Rough stuff on Ave. C, New York City.



Decked out for Peter Murphy at the Ritz.

117 W. 3RD ST. ROYAL OAK, MI 48067 313-541-3979

WHEN IN DETROIT, SHOP OUR RETAIL OUTLET



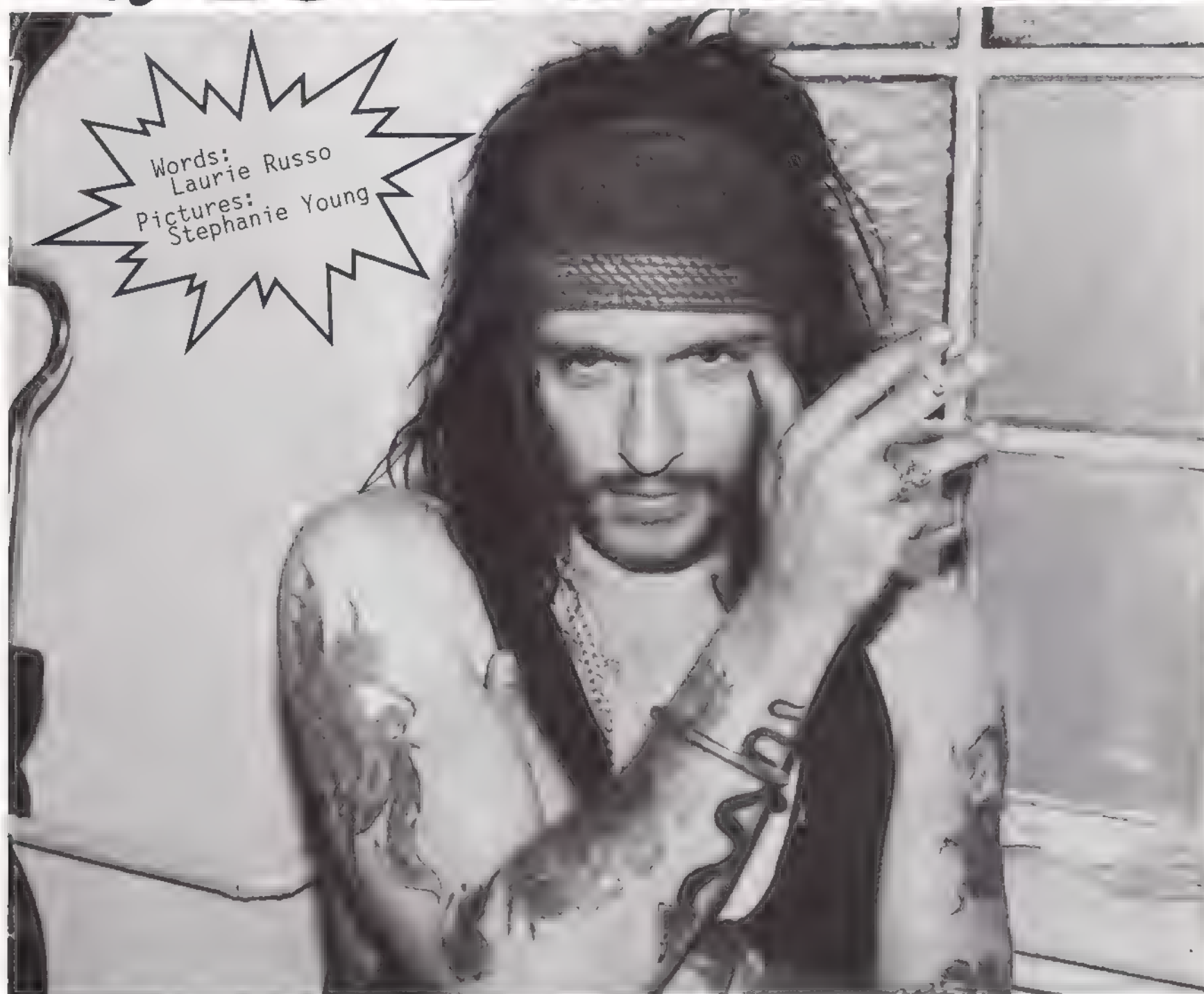
MODELS: TONYA • KAREN PHOTO BY: JILL GREENBERG

**NOIR
LEATHER**

Upsetting trends and directing lifestyles. **NOIR LEATHER** - a manufacturer of hardcore accessories. Spike, pyramid & chain bootstraps • spurs • Sid chain bracelets & necklaces • concha wear • viscious bracelets • symbolic medallions • loose spikes & studs • cult cross earrings • hardcore stickers.

WHOLESALE CATALOG AVAILABLE-ASK FOR NOIR BY NAME FROM YOUR LOCAL BOUTIQUE

★ ZODIAC MINDWARP and the LOVE REACTION ★



A day in the life of Zodiac Mindwarp and the Love Reaction is not exactly the easiest thing to prepare yourself for. One of the hippest bands in Britain right now, they possess a lead singer called ofcourse, Zodiac Mindwarp (sometimes known as Mark Manning) who is, by his own admission, from a place called "Planet Freakout". A look through the press package reveals him to be brash, witty, and somewhat indiscreet. I don't really know what to expect as I enter the Brixton Academy Club in London on this very muggy day. Half of me expects this Zodiac to be refreshingly honest, while the other half expects him to sneer sarcastically and say "choose your poison". In this spirit, the fly enters the spider's web...

When we arrive, Zodiac is sound asleep on the dressing room floor trying to recover from the effects of the previous night's gig, that was "somewhere in England at the end of some long pier", he later offers helpfully. But, he awakens in surpris-

ingly good form, if not entirely what he should be. "I'm sorry about this girls," he says as roadies, band members, and other assorted kinds filter in and out of the room. He shouts at a roadie to get out, yet immediately apologizes. "The nature of the beast?", I wonder as I nervously fiddle with the tape recorder which doesn't seem to be working well today. I pray it will hold out and prepare for a conversation with the High Priest of Looooove himself.

So Zodiac, uh, Mr. Mindwarp, uh, where did it all begin? "Once upon a time, from behind my eyes, came this voice and it said unto me, 'you shall be Zodiac Mindwarp'." Oh. Okay. I see we're starting off on the wrong foot here. This is going to be even harder than I had imagined. Suitably terrified, I venture forth. Why Zodiac? Are you into astrology? "No, no waaay man. I think it's a load of rubbish." Zodiac attempts to wake up completely by strumming his guitar. But, the guitar that writes the songs, he explains, is at home. "She's called Venus, after

the Goddess of Love. She's my lady. We make love and she gives me babies, and they are my songs." I ask if anyone else ever tries to make babies with her and I am informed that she is totally faithful to him, not like the guitars belonging to the rest of the band. He points to guitarist Cobalt Stargazer's 'Sleaze-grinder'. "Cobalt's guitar is a real sleazebag," explains Zodiac (known simply as 'Z' to his friends). "She'll sleep with anyone. Not my Venus. Anyone comes near her she just closes her legs!" Venus by the way is a Flying V. Draw your own conclusions on the symbolism there. I ask him to describe the creative process. "Well, it all starts in my groin, then it travels up through my arms and down through my hands." But does it ever take a detour through your heart? "Oh yeah, always. Then it goes down my arm and my fingertips start to tingle, and then I know it's time to tickle the keys, 'cause there's a song just dyin' to get out!"

It's becoming increasingly obvious to me that there is quite a lot going on in this guy's head, much more than could possibly meet the eye. I begin to wonder just how many different people are living in there. "Well the real horrible guy who yelled at the roadie, he's called Professor Lizard," comes the reply. He's really mean and horrible, but then Zodiac comes out and apologizes for him. I mean, he's even worse than Zodiac!" And what is the artsy, wimpy one called, I ask, already knowing the answer. "He's called Mark." Zodiac grins rather sheepishly. "He's here right now."

I think I'm finally beginning to get through when suddenly he jumps to his own defense. "But don't get me wrong, I'm not crazy or anything, like schizophrenic and stuff. I mean, people tend to repress certain aspects of their personalities. I don't. I let them all out. I'm just like anyone else, really. We all have different personalities at different times don't we? Like you're different with your nan than you are with your boyfriend, right? That's what I mean." Of course you're right, Zodiac, but most people don't give their different aspects different names. "Well, I guess I'm just a more complex person than most," he laughs. "Yeah I know what people think, (He adopts a mock psychiatrist's voice) 'he has all these different personalities and he gives them all names. The perfect definition of insane. This guy is most definitely insane.' But I'm not. At least I don't think I am." Neither do I. But do you resent this whole attitude towards your sanity? "Look, I really do like people. I think most people are basically very decent. I don't have contempt for people who are different from me. I try to fit in with their way of thinking, their way of doing things."

I decide I'm not going to let him get away with that one. But, my dear Zodiac, if I may be so bold, you really do not have any intention whatsoever of conforming. Isn't that why you create your own little world inside your head, with it's own population, environment, and rules, so you can escape into it? His eyes tell me all I need to know. "Yup, you got it in a nutshell." He retreats back to the sanctity of his guitar, obviously feeling violated. But I feel as if I've just broken through another level of understanding, and I bring him out again.

What do you spend your money on, Zodiac? "Comic books, mostly." Comic books? "Yeah, like Silver Surfer, Batman, Spiderman, I could read them twenty-four hours a day!" Who is your favorite, I ask this tattooed tough guy who is now talking like a bright eyed little boy. "Spiderman and Batman. And I love Batman's girlfriend Nocturna, she's really sexy!" Well from now on, dear readers, Mr. Mindwarp will not have to fork out one penny to see his beloved Nocturna. When the band signed a deal with Phonogram records in Britain, Zodiac insisted that a clause be included in the contract which stated that Phonogram must



supply him with comic books. Needless to say, the clause was included. Oh, the advantages to being a star.

Zodiac Mindwarp and the Love Reaction are now being touted by none other than Ian Astbury of the Cult as "the biggest thing this century". I ask how this came to pass. "Oh, he used to roadie for us. I used to let him carry our equipment." I dare not ask if he's joking, and I can't really tell so I decide to leave it at that. But he continues. "He started coming to our gigs and thought we were great, and I guess he just told everyone." Why they caught Ian's eye is quite understandable, the band's live show is indeed something to behold. It's pure thrash (or "stadium trash", a phrase coined by the band members themselves to describe their sound, although I feel it defies description). Zodiac stalks the stage proclaiming his position as the "High Priest of Love", and the adoring crowd roars its approval. The set is complete with all the rock and roll ingredients - loud guitars, leather, long hair, saucy lyrics, and groovy smoke effects. What our Zodiac does with the hose that provides those groovy smoke effects is better left unsaid. But, all in all it's good clean fun and everyone goes away happy. Okay, so it's not exactly clean, but it's fun.

I ask Zodiac about the state of music these days. "I love Van Halen, they're really great!" Even in their present form? "Yeah, Sammy Hagar has such a great voice, even though I liked David Lee Roth, he was a character." Anyone else? "AC/DC, they're



brilliant." I draw the inevitable comparison - Motorhead? "Well Motorhead, God, that goes without saying. They're the best, the ultimate." I ask him if he's ever met Lemmy. "Oh yeah, he's come to a couple of our gigs. He gives me all sorts of advice and stuff. And when someone like Lemmy gives you advice, you listen. Have you ever met him?" I admit to never having had the pleasure. "Oh, you'd like him, he's great. There aren't many people around to respect in this weird guitar world we live in, and Lemmy is definitely one of the few. He'll be going till he's three hundred years old!" And Zodiac Mindwarp? "I can't really predict the future for myself. I try not to think about next week even, just tomorrow. But I don't think I'll ever run out of ideas for songs. I think I'll be around for a while." (We know. Last year's single "Wild Child" is still riding high in the U.K. indie charts.) But how seriously do you take yourself as a musician? "I don't. You can't really. If you start getting all serious, you start to spout nonsense, all politics and self-righteousness, and nobody has a good time. I hate all those groups with a 'message', so to speak, like, 'hey man, follow me and I'll show you the way'. They've got no right to shove their beliefs down people's throats. No one should ever tell anyone else what to do, it's disgusting. I'm really offended by all that political rubbish. Groups like that will never last." A triumphant grin spreads over his face. "See how professional I am? I don't slag anyone off by name!". But if "message" groups don't last, how do you explain the success of U2? "Oh, U2, they're something different entirely! Like that guy, (Bono) he just has something." He looks to the sky. "He's like, 'WOW', he's almost like a saint or something, isn't he? See, their only message is love. They only sing about good things don't they? I really like U2, they're alright."

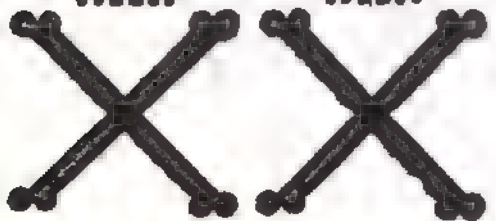
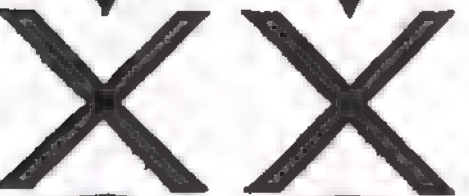
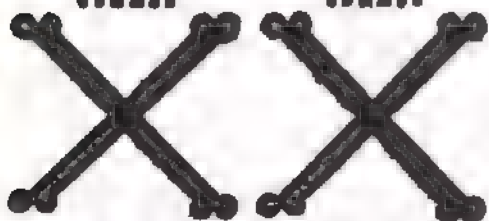
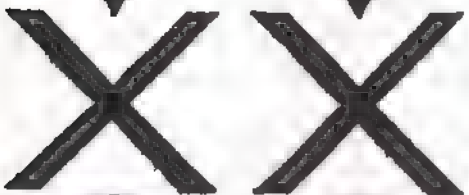
So is love important to you, then, Zodiac?

"Oh God, yeah, it's everything really." But how fine is the line between love and lust? "That's hard to say. I mean, if I was cynical, I'd just say that love is just a polite way of saying lust. But I'm not that cynical. Like, there are so many ways that love can be expressed. The love between a man and a woman, or two men, not necessarily gay, just close friends. The love between a person and their dog. They're all so different, yet they're all the same. They're all love, and love is great."

This guy is okay, I think as he downs a bottle of orange soda. "Good stuff, man", he says in the ever present California drawl. On stage, and often in conversation, Zodiac adopts a pretty convincing American accent. I ask him if he's ever been to America. "No, but I've seen it on T.V." Like what, in Dynasty and Dallas? "No, like My Favorite Martian."

Continued on p.38





*Kiss Kiss.
Kill Kill*

UNDERGROUND FASHION FROM LONDON & BEYOND.

EXCITING DESIGNS IN RUBBER, LACE,
LEATHER, AND PLASTIC.

DAYWEAR, EVENINGWEAR, AND SWIM-
WEAR. T-SHIRTS & ACCESSORIES.

DISCOUNT DECADENCE!

WHOLESALE / RETAIL. STYLED FOR
THE KINKY, THE REBELLIOUS, AND
THE MERELY PLAYFUL.

CALL FOR CATALOG: (718)816-9886.

70 VICTORY BVD., SI, NY 10301

TUES-SAT 12-8, SUN 12-5, CLOSED MON.
6 BLOCKS FROM STATEN IS. FERRY.

DOCTOR and the MEDICS

Interview By
Sherri Durrell



A girl with kaleidoscope eyes takes us on a magical mystery tour with the good Doctor and a Medic. Interview with Doctor (singer) and Steve (guitarist) by Sherri Durrell.

Sherri: This isn't your first trip to America, you've brought your club, Alice in Wonderland, over here before. Can you explain a little about that...

Doctor: We started Alice's really because the Medics and Alice's go together. While the Medics and Alice in Wonderland don't go hand in hand quite like Specimen and the Bat Cave, they are like a nephew and uncle that sometimes get together and molest each other. We started the Medics because we wanted to form the kind of band that we ourselves would want to go see. The fact that we failed miserably has nothing to do with that. And we formed the club Alice's for the same reason. We thought, "let's get a club that's the kind of club we'd want to go to", and then when we had the chance to come over and do it in New York, who would say NO but an idiot. And it was great, I loved it. I use to love Danceteria for some unknown reason. I generally like New York, but I think you can OD on it very quickly if you're British.

Or if you're from California.

Doctor: Or if you're from California? I wouldn't know about that. But if you're very openly British like we are, you can accept it and it doesn't do your head in, but you can OD on NY a lot.

You mentioned failing miserably,... how? The Band?

Doctor: Yup. Oh, I think the band speaks for itself.
Oh yeah!

Doctor: I mean, we formed... why did we form?

Steve: I dunno, bored I suppose. I didn't want to be a civil servant.

Doctor: What went wrong? We wanted to be the worst ever ever band in the whole history of bands.

Steve: And we failed because last week, before we left London, we saw a band worse than ourselves. Infact one person, Desperate Dave. He can't even put two chords together. I mean, I've worked up to three now.

Oh good!

Steve: I could play two chords for about four years and I suddenly discovered I could put another finger down and play another chord. It caused massive celebrations, questions asked in the House of Commons, and front page headlines!

Doctor: See, the Medics actually isn't a band, it's a crisis, a continuous crisis that we can't stop. We're on this roller coaster. We ourselves have had nothing to do with the Medics. We wake up every morning and think, "God, what am I doing? Am I in this by choice?" No! If I had a choice I'd be in Dire Straits or I'd be George Michaels or I'd be in a real band, not the Medics, not the bloody Medics. There's no logical reason for being in it. It all hit me in a fit of total paranoia. I started DJing as the Doctor some six years ago, and after I'd been DJing for a year my mother told me this story: When I was three months old a gypsy woman knocked on our door, she saw me in my mother's arms and she said, "When he grows up he's going to be a doctor". Right? Now, the only way of explaining this and a lot of synchronicity that comes into the whole Medics thing is that she was not in fact a gypsy woman. She was one of these aliens that we all know

live amongst us. When she pointed at me she passed waves from her finger into my head and recorded on it. My head was like a blank cassette, a virgin white piece of paper. And the effect was...here I'll show you. (takes a piece of paper) Here's the virgin piece of paper. (scribbles furiously on it) And that's what she did. (proudly shows me the scribble) It's purely programmed. We've come up to here, (points to the top of the scribble) and we're going here. (moves pencil along path of scribble) And we're on this roller coaster now. Whatever decisions we make we can't help, and we can never deter from this path. The Medics are here to save mankind. Reaching the endpoint is what this whole exercise is about. It's what the aliens have programmed for us. And they've worked in a pair, because when I was about three my family lived in Liverpool and we had this pet rabbit, Snowy, that was connected with John Lennon. Guess what color it was?

Black.

Doctor: Ha, white. Ah, strange but true! My rabbit... well, John Lennon somehow had this rabbit, but he didn't have the time to take care of it so he gave it to the manager of the Cabin Club, who use to know my uncle. He in turn gave it to my uncle who then gave it to my dad. It and the gypsy woman were working together because it was programming me. And the proof of this is, the reason we did "Spirit in the Sky" was because of two dreams I had. The first was just before John Lennon died. I dreamt that I moved to this village somewhere in England and some guy was showing me around, and we saw these two people walking with their heads together under this black cloak. He said, "Do you know who that is?". I said, "No". He said, "It's John and Yoko". "This is marvelous" I thought. A few days later he died, and when I bought the Times there was a picture of John and Yoko with this hood over their heads as I had seen them. It said that it had been taken in Labenham. So just out of intrigue I drove up there and it was as I'd seen it in the dream. I went in the pub there and had one for John. See, the rabbit put this time capsule in my brain for me to have that dream, because then just before we went to record the album, I dreamt that I was back in that pub. This time Marc Bolan was in there playing "Spirit in the Sky". So when I told everyone, we said "THAT'S IT". We believe in fate. If we're going to stay on this roller coaster and reach the proper destination over here (pointing to the scribble) where Dire Straits are, all happy and rich, then we've GOT to do "Spirit in the Sky". It's a message from the aliens. The point is, if you don't want to end up like us, and you see a rabbit and an old woman at your door, don't let them in! I believe they're still on this earth weaving the future of mankind.

Tell us about the "Magical Mystery Tours". I have friends that went on one.

Doctor: Did they say they enjoyed it?

Yeah, what they could remember.

Doctor: Right, exactly!

Steve: Actually we can't say anything about them cos we can't remember them either. All we remember is where they were and that we played music.

Doctor: Well, the point of those is like the Alice thing, but these don't make any money. The money we make through the club, Alice's, goes to fund the mystery tours. But they're good, they're real. I mean you see 2000 people getting off coaches in London at midday after being driven back from some all night mind numbing band experience looking like the grateful dead, no, the evil dead. There's a real contribution there, you're affecting people, where money doesn't really do that much except buy you things.

Well after having a #1 in England with "Spirit" you should have some things.

Doctor: No, we haven't actually. We haven't made

much money of it at all due to the way the record industry works. But we now make enough to earn a living from music which is a very hard thing to do. We're as destitute as ever.

A couple of summers ago I saw you play at the Crystal Palace Festival, and...

Steve: Really? The Anti-Heroin gig. You look concerned about that. You were embarrassed being there.

Oh no, I had a really great time.

Doctor: Steve, you misread the situation. That's very unlike you, someone who's second sighted, telepathic, a medium, and a philosopher. I'm very disappointed.

Steve: Sorry, I'm a bit below par today.

Doctor: In other words you got pissed (drunk) last night.

Why did you do an anti-heroin gig?

Doctor: I think we're the only band who will admit they did it. We don't do many benefits, we're not a political band at all. But when the Anti-Heroin thing came up, it's something we all do agree on. I'm very anti-heroin. Also it was good publicity. Some other bands say, "Oh no no, we did it only for the cause". Right. Well time will tell how moral the Medics are. I have a sneaking suspicion that we're totally immoral. I'm hoping I'm wrong about that.

Hawkwind, one of my favorite bands, headlined that Anti-Heroin benefit.

Doctor: They're great, I love them. I rank them with the Troggs and the Damned in terms of longevity and direction. At the VERY rainy Redding Festival they blew all the other bands away. Very good reviews.

Didn't you play at the Redding Festival too this year?

Doctor: Yeah, in fact we were on the only time it wasn't raining, just before Killing Joke came on.

Perfect timing!

Steve: So obviously there was a Spirit in the Sky.

Doctor: Very good Steve! Very good! If you quote that Sherri, people will think we're like Barry Manilow.

I will! ■



Sherri Durrell

The Doctor and Steve assume their interviewing positions.

CACTUS WORLD NEWS

By
Laurie Russo

In October 1985, a group called Cactus World News grabbed my attention and hasn't let go of it since.

Before I go any further, let me clear up a few points. Cactus World News are not U2. They do not sound like U2. They do not look like U2. Period.

Photo by Laurie Russo



Frank and Eoin belt out a tune.

That out of the way, let's talk about Cactus World News. What they are is a band that attracts a frenzied following (including yours truly) who's loyalty will transcend any barrier. You will always see the same faces up front at their shows, singing along word for word and almost swooning from the sheer ecstasy of just being there. Not bad for a band who little over a year ago were supporting the Cult, even managing to win over their audience in the process. (A mean feat in my book!) Three singles and a successful MCA debut album later, the boys from Dublin find themselves in the midst of huge success on both sides of the Atlantic, and are preparing for their first assault on Europe.

I caught up with them directly upon their return from America, prior to their show at London's Camden Palace. Since lead singer Eoin McEvoy was unable to do interviews before a show (to preserve his voice), and guitarist Frank Kearns had left his clothes at the hotel, I joined up with drummer Wayne Sheehy and bassist Fergal MacAindris, who informed me that he was sure it was in bad taste to wear a Cactus World News shirt to interview Cactus World News, but that he was prepared to forgive me. After we climbed about a million stairs, we sat down for a very quick talk.

So, Cactuses (Cacti?) how was America?

"Great, we went over really well," offers Wayne. "We were amazed at how many kids were up front that knew all the words. We didn't realize they were that familiar with us." "Yeah," adds Fergal, "everywhere we went we got a very good reaction from the people."

The people always seem to be your number one priority whenever you play. You don't act like rock stars.

"Well, why should we?" asks Wayne. "So many bands get up there and look totally bored, like they can't wait to get off the stage. Like they're doing the audience some kind of favor." Fergal joins in. "When we play, we don't play 'at' our audience, we play 'for' them. We appreciate their being there. I hope that comes across at our shows." (Oh it does, Fergal. Believe me.)

Every time I turn around, you guys are playing somewhere. Do you do anything else? Do you have any life outside the band?

"No, definitely not." Fergal doesn't even have to think about it. "The band is our life. We'd never get anywhere otherwise!"

While CWN was supporting the Cult, several times I noticed CWN come off the stage and join the crowd. It was as if they were studying the Cult on stage. I asked Wayne if he considered the tour to be a learning experience.

"Of course. We would be stupid and pretty immature to think we couldn't learn a thing or two, especially from a group as experienced as the Cult. We never get tired of watching them."

END

EASTERHOUSE

By
Stephanie Young

Intriguing, subtle, passionate, political. All these words can be used to describe Easterhouse, a five man outfit from Manchester, who brought their live show to the Ritz recently, and proved you can preach a message without screaming at the audience. Soulful in his approach, lead singer Andy Perry captures the minds of all those present with such heart wrenching tunes as "To Live Like This", about modern struggle in the ghetto, and "Inspiration" which hints at the life of working-class hero Bobby Sands.

Ivor Perry, who co-writes all the music with his brother, lends his spine chilling guitar riffs, and is just as subdued and low-keyed, but nonetheless powerful in the set. The rest of the band are fine musicians who must find it very easy to back such a passionate song writing duo.

It's been a long time since I've seen a band as meaningful and socially conscious as Easterhouse.

END



ROSE OF AVALANCHE

By Stephanie Young

Combining the elements of punk, heavy metal, and plain old rock and roll, The Rose of Avalanche, a band from northern England, escape all restrictions with their fresh assault on new music. While creating sounds on multi-faceted levels, the Rose hope to awaken the sleeping masses and kick some life back into a very stale state of the art music scene.

Formed deliriously one night in a Leeds bar, chance circumstances surrounding a bottle of Jack Daniels in the atmosphere of the Stooges and Velvet Underground, brought lead singer Phill Morris in touch with guitarist Paul Berry, thus creating the nucleus of a group. From there they recruited Glenn Schultz on lead guitar, Nicole Beresford on bass, and Mark Thompson on drums. With the line-up complete, the group released three mesmerizing singles, "I.A. Rain", "Goddess", and "Too Many Castles", climaxing their indie success in England. The word of the ROSE was set ablaze. 1986 saw the release of the band's debut album, "First Avalanche", which received broad critical acclaim.

I caught up with vocalist Phill Morris at the Waterside Pub in London, and got some insight into the band. He is a soft spoken man with dark hair and straight forward honesty. Drummer Mark Thompson gave his support, and Jill and Terry joined us for some drinks.

Since many in the British music press were comparing ROA to the Velvet Underground, I asked Phill if this comparison was acceptable. "It is [accept-

able] because people can associate my vocals with Lou Reed. But, we didn't realize the similarity until our first single was released. Once it was, people started saying that we were a Velvet Underground rip off, which is really a lot of bullocks, because even though my vocals sound slightly similar to Lou Reed's, our music is totally different to theirs." Obviously, the people who said they were a Velvet Underground rip-off failed to look beyond the likeness in the vocals and recognize the diverse style that sets them far apart from most contemporary rock bands coming out of the mother country. Phill elaborates..."There are so many bands these days that do an album and it's the same all the way through. The songs may be at different paces, but they're all the same, whereas we try to create a different cross-section. We play everything from punk, to rock, to heavy metal. This way people can get different perspectives on our music."

Many songs on Rose of Avalanche's debut LP have references to love or women. Is love one of the things that inspires you to write?

"Yeah, love does influence me a lot, or what I perceive love to be. I feel my best songs so far are the ones about or inspired by love."

And where does a cover of "Gimme Some Lovin'" fit into the repertoire?

"We all loved the song. It sounded like us so we did it. We're doing another cover at the moment, "Waiting for the Sun" by the Doors. It's to fill our ballad quota!"



Two ROSES: drummer Mark Thompson and singer Phill Morris.

America still has yet to hear of this rock and roll gem from northern England. But, do they want to stay in the incestuous alternative circle, or perhaps break into the mainstream?

"We'd like to be in the mainstream, because we'd like to get as many people as possible into our music. Simply because it's music, it's not a product, it's an extension of ourselves, and we want people to enjoy it."

Breaking into the American mainstream inevitably means signing to a major label, and most bands seem to lose control over what they put out once they sign. Rose of Avalanche are more optimistic about the whole major concept.

"If we ever sign to a major label we'd make sure our freedom went with it. It's hard, but The Sisters of Mercy did it when they signed to WEA, and so can we. You need a major behind you because you have to have some kind of backing and sales promotion, like the 15,000 albums pressed and distributed, etc., ... etc., ...



Video is also a part of the whole promotion package nowadays, but to this band it's just not that significant.

"When you get right down to it, video is video, and music is music. You can only tie the two together to a certain extent. But, the thing that can reach a wider audience eventually takes over, and that thing today ofcourse is the video. People are tending to mix the song and the video up, and are putting more emphasis on the video only because it can reach a wider audience. And that's wrong to me because you can't write a song for a video, you write a song for

for a song. It conveys a feeling, and how can you put a feeling on a piece of video tape."

Creative freedom does seem to play a big part in the band's material. But, will they let success corrupt their creativity?

"Of course now I'm going to say that could never happen, and hopefully it won't. But, in five years time if I don't get anything out of it and do something really commercial and make millions out of it, you'll never know what I'll be saying then, do ya??!!"

Along with the obvious humor in the statement, there can also be detected a hint of cynicism. Cynicism however that is not without justification considering all the bands that have sold their creativity and innovation once they've reached that certain level of success.

Since this band however is still in the blossoming stage of their career, we can still enjoy and relish their unpretentiousness, honesty, humor, and most of all, their unique brand of timeless rock 'n' roll a little while longer.

END. _____

ZODIAC *continued*

(I decide that this is one of the classic exchanges of all time and I pat my tape recorder appreciatively for holding this in its little memory.) Naturally, the state he'd most like to visit is California. New York, he says, is too fast and hectic for him, and we begin to discuss the California "experience".

It is here that I touch on a rather sensitive subject for him. See, it has been mentioned in some circles that Zodiac bears a slight resemblance to one Charles Manson, though he really doesn't in the least. It is an observation that angers and sickens him. "I can't stand to be even mentioned in the same breath with that maniac," he says disgustedly. "If I ever saw him in the street I'd kill him. There's this cult starting up in England, it's terrifying, really, where they worship that monster. I mean, having a murderer for a hero, it's disgusting." Having gotten that off his chest, we chatter on about this and that, Stephanie takes some pictures, and then it's time for Zodiac and his band to dress for the gig. He actually thanks me for doing the interview and says he really enjoyed it - how kind! He makes sure that we are going to stick around and see the show. He also invites us to come back if we need anything more for the interview. Actually my mind is reeling and I don't think I could handle much more. As I turn to leave I get a fleeting glimpse of the unholy sight of Zodiac's blue underpants as he waves bye-bye. I can't help but smile.

Zodiac Mindwarp and the Love Reaction.

A sick joke?

Maybe.

But it won't be long before the whole world is laughing along with them.

END. ■



Xmal **DEUTSCHLAND** UPDATE



Recently, Wolfgang and Anja of Xmal wrote to inform us about their latest releases.

Hamburg, 12/15/86
Dear Stephanie and Sherri,
Thanks for the latest issue of Propaganda. I enclosed some photos of a session we did with Anton Corbuin a while ago.

We have finished all the recording and mixing for the album, it will be released at the end of February ('87). The next single will be released on Jan. 30th,

and is entitled, "Sicklemoon"/"Illusion" (A/B), plus an extra track for the 12" single called "In Onyx".

The title of the album is "VIVA". We also recently had one of our "John Peel Sessions" released through Strange Fruit Records.

I will send you a copy of "Sicklemoon" as soon as possible. The same goes for the album.

Meanwhile, have a Merry X-mas and a Happy New Year! Regards, Wolfgang Anja

The Ramones - "ANIMAL BOY" album.

Review by
Deborah Bernardini

It's been over 12 years since Johnny, Joey, and company broke punk ground on this side of the Atlantic. The Rolling Stones of punk music have just released "Animal Boy", their first studio album in two years.

Usually, when a band takes a musical step backwards it almost certainly means a musical let down, unless that band is the Ramones. An attempt to recapture an earlier period can often be dull and stagnant. On "Animal Boy", produced by Jean Beauvoir, who has worked with the Plasmatics, the Ramones do take this step back, and the result is not boring as can be predicted.

The singles from this album are not its strength. The European hit, "Bonzo Goes to Bitburg" ("My Brain is Hanging Upside Down" in the U.S.) is included here. Also included are the somewhat annoying "Somebody Put Something in my Drink", and "Something to Believe In".

The cuts worth listening to here are the ones that take the listener back to those LPs even prior to 1979's "End of the Century". "Mental Hell" recalls the very raw "53rd & 3rd" from the band's first album. "Eat the Rat" and "Freak of Nature" move with that furious pace that have set Johnny and Dee Dee apart from the other guitar/bass teams. "Hair of the Dog", possibly the best track, recalls Joey's nasal vocals as they were before the Ramones decided to make pop singles.

"Animal Boy" is a decent album. It takes the listener back a few years to an earlier time. It's not progressive or innovative, but it's certainly the Ramones. ■



The Chosen Few

Below: Jacket of the Year. Where but in Los Angeles could you find such an artistic masterpiece of acrylic paint on black leather, and what better tribute to the honored legacy of Bauhaus. Artwork by Eric Pigors, modeled by Eric's girlfriend Denise, and photographed by Lyn Owen - each an L.A. luminary in their own right.

Top, right: Salesgirl of the Year. Ewa (pronounced Ay-va) of 2nd Coming Records, Greenwich Village, NYC. She does everything well, especially her hair which has gone from Siouxsie Sioux's black mop to Mod 60's bangs.

Bottom, right: Olga of Toronto, nominated for the Model of the Year Award by Model Academy. Recalling her regimented childhood in the Soviet Union, Olga models an outfit from a line of clothing known as "proletarian chic". ♦



I could go on to impress you who experienced just been missed from San Francisco and out here this aren't they're NECESS-



and on trying upon those of haven't yet ed Polka- what you've ing. They're Francisco, bands like only possible, ARY. But nothing

I say would come close to the mayhem of their live gigs, and even their debut LP on Subterranean only hints at it. So here are a few tantalizing tidbits from band front-man Ward Abronski. Tidbit #1: "Polkacide was supposed to be a one-shot deal for the Deaf Club's 50th reunion and they wanted something really loud, but that looked straight. The original idea was to dress in tuxedos, but when the Deaf Club thing fell through we just decided to push it anyway. Neil got this idea to make heavy-metal lederhosen, and that got all of us into the idea of taking this way out." #2: "People that are really into polkas on a straight, no-tongue-in-cheek basis are used to all sorts of wackiness, so it's not like we're doing anything new to them." #3: "I watch such little TV that I was unaware of the Schmengi Brothers, and was incensed that after we'd put this together somebody came up and said, 'Oh yeah, it's just like the Schmengi's!'" #4: "There's a couple of classically trained people, although the rhythm section is almost entirely from punk and noise bands." #5: "When I first got the sheet music it was like, 'This is gonna be so funny, 'cause this shit is SO BAD!'" #6: "We do a thrash polka, a rap polka, and a few things I'd rather reveal on stage."

By C. Stuart E. Schellberg



"Polka 'til you puke!"

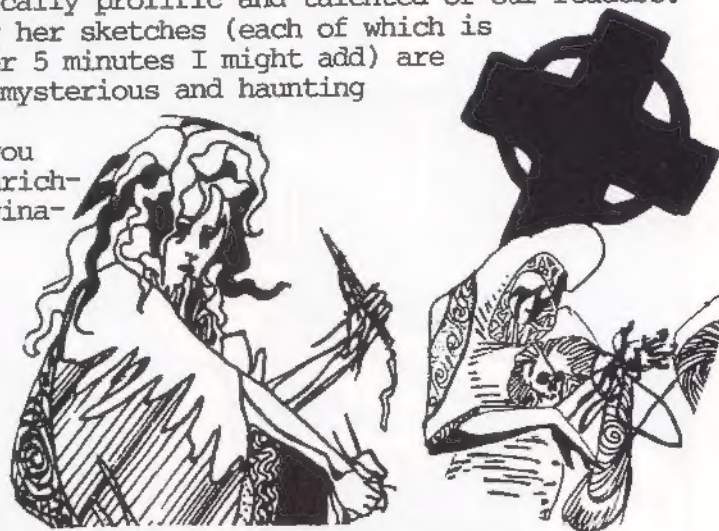
Lyn Owen

LETTERS

An Artistic Audience

Here is only a sample of the artwork sent to us from Peggy Linich of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., probably the most artistically prolific and talented of our readers. Accompanying her sketches (each of which is done in under 5 minutes I might add) are wonderfully mysterious and haunting poems.

Thank you Peggy for enriching our imagination. -



Another one of our favorite artistic readers is Brett Coles from Scarborough, Ontario, Canada. Obviously a big Cult fan, and obviously quite talented.



The best piece of mail came to us in the form of a book entitled "Darkness" by Colleen Black of Huntington, N.Y. It contains a series of fascinating poems dealing with the trials and tribulations of an urban mentality locked in a suburban existence. The titles of the poems alone are intriguing: "Ian Astbury or Death", "Quiet Fighter", "The American Dream", "Justifiable Murder", "The Cat", "Bloodied and Beaten?", "Love", etc., etc.

If you are interested in "Darkness" write to us here at Propaganda and we'll forward your name and address to Colleen.



Concern for "Our World"

We received quite a reaction to the article, "Our Life Our World" by Jamie Stewart in issue #7, that dealt with man's inhumanity to man. Here are some samples:

— Thank you for your spirited commentary in Propaganda #7 which introduced people to an alternative way of thinking. We must change individually and learn to re-condition ourselves. I look around me and see a thousand wrongs everyday. I only pray we're not too late.

Linda Neuer N.Y., N.Y.

— When I picked up a copy of Propaganda at my local record shop recently, I came across your article. It was meaningful, sensitive, and overwhelming. For a long time it seemed to me that there was no one left who felt that way. It seemed that there was no one who felt anything at all. You have helped renew my hope.

Daleum Mississauga, Ontario

— I found your composition to be very interesting, and I agree with your point that "If we really want a world without violence, we have to start inside ourselves".

Chris Truxal Garfield, Ohio P.S. The concert you and the rest of the Cult put on in Cleveland at the Variety Theater was excellent. Please come back soon!



Impression by Stephanie Young

718-776-3345

Cor. 222nd St
Hempstead Ave
Queens Village, N.Y.

Rock • Punk • Hardcore • Metal • Thrash •
Wave • Gloom • Industrial • 60's Re-Issues

forever wild

LOTHES FROM
ENGLAND!
UNDERGROUND
UNDERGROUND

GET THIS
CATALOG

Now!

PUNKY

UNDERGROUND

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR \$3.50 TO PUNKY

MONEY ORDER FOR \$5

BUGY'S

Underground-Fashion
from London

BOX 8398

DEPT. P
LONG ISLAND
CITY
NEW YORK 1110

UNDERGROUND

RETAIL SLUT

7517 MELROSE AVE., HOLLYWOOD

(213) 655-6576



J&J RECORD HOLE

107-29 LIBERTY AVE., RICHMOND HILL,
NEW YORK 11417 (718) 641-3588



Write for our **FREE MAIL-ORDER LIST.**
We've got thousands of records, CD's,
and cassettes for every taste in 80's
Rock, plus T-shirts and buttons.